

Good Morning 704

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

SWANSEA

MUCH of Swansea has gone, for it was the most battered place in Wales during the blitzes. A square mile was torn out of its very heart. But its odd attraction for the visitor still remains, and the local lads still gather as they've always done to discuss the three most important topics on earth: (a) Swansea Rugby, (b) Swansea Cricket, and (c) Swansea Boxing—writes D. N. K. BAGNALL, after a trip to the Home Town.

THERE are four ways by which you may come to Swansea; by road, rail, sea or air. I have never gone there by air, nor have I sailed into Swansea Bay. I have arrived there by rail, and by road; and, for once, I prefer the train.

Not that the outlook is much better, but you get through it more quickly; and it is easier to go to sleep in a railway carriage.

I think I have found nothing more depressing than motoring through the industrial towns and villages on the main road to Swansea on a wet day. Somehow or other it has always been wet, and the very depths of depression were reached on one occasion when I had a puncture.

I had to mend it on the roadside, and a passer-by stopped his passing-by to ask me if I had a puncture.

With the spare wheel lying in the gutter, waiting to cover me with mud when I came to put it on; with tools spread out in all (muddy) directions; and me kneeling there (in mud), wrestling with the punctured wheel, I felt the question quite unnecessary.

With commendable self-control, I bit back a sarcastic reply. It was commendable, because he was a big man.

I will make amends to local Welsh patriotism—a fierce growth but, hardly, in regard to these ugly places capable of catching fire; for not the most nationalistic Welshman could maintain that they are beautiful, though I daresay the people who dwell there may have many beautiful qualities. I will make amends by stating that Swansea itself I always find attractive, and not merely by contrast—for Swansea is an industrial city, foremost.

It is a smaller and far less modern place than Cardiff (one always seems to be comparing the two cities, as is natural, for they are the two great cities



of Wales, her two great ports, and in many ways similar) but it is more comfortable, more full of character. It is, of course, more ancient.

BRUISED, BATTERED.

Before the war you came from the station out into a main street that was full of interesting shops, hotels, pubs, places of amusement and public buildings. And having covered its full length you were at the fringe of the docks, where there were always many features of interest. On the return journey, if you took the by-ways and alley-ways you found yourself in many charming and unexpectedly quaint corners of old Swansea.

Some of these things remain. But Swansea was the most battered place in Wales during the blitzes. About one square mile of the centre of the city was demolished and with it went some of those remembered things.

The Swansea people have the opportunity to remake that central district. They will not be able to restore the same atmosphere, but they will be able to give the city a more modern and better-planned business and administrative quarter. I hope they will not lose it.

With the bombing went many of the long-established places of amusement—including every dancing-hall of any size, except the Patti Pavilion in Victoria Park, which has been doing overtime.

Those who know Swansea well, know well of its girls. They are justly famed, and even with the reduction in the number of places of entertainment seem to be able to give the boys a good time.

The "Empire," with its variety, and a dozen or so cinemas are busy these days—and so are the cars on the electric railway that carry thousands of Swansea people every year along the edge of the coast to Mumbles—a twenty-five minutes run that every Swansea man knows.

At week-ends the cars are crowded, for Mumbles is the nearest beauty spot to Swansea, and is ever-increasing in popularity. All along the Gower Coast, with its coves and bays—Brandy Cove, with its associations with smugglers, Bracelet Bay, Three Cliffs Bay, and the rest—out as far as Rhossili, there are delightful spots where Swansea men and their girls go to get away from the crowd; and find it is still with them.

Along the coast in the other direction, and further off, is

Porthcawl—within memory a small seaside place, now a popular seaside resort and likely to become one of the principle holiday towns of Wales—if it is not that already.

So, you see, that unfavourable entry into Swansea is like going through the back-yard into the rooms of an interesting house whose gardens are full of lovely vistas and charming corners.

A great port before the war, a hive of seething activity in the war years, Swansea is returning to its normal part in the prosperity of South Wales and the rest of the country. During the war it was the delivery point for vast quantities of Lend-Lease supplies brought across the Atlantic; its docks were full of the shipping vital to our existence; and Swansea Bay was the gathering place of part of that invasion fleet which steamed into the English Channel on D-Day.

There was also, of course, the naval base, from which the mine-sweeping trawlers went out on their dangerous mission, coming home with freshly-painted chevrons on their funnels to show of mines disposed of, and sometimes with battered noses to show that a mine had exploded too near for comfort.

Those days are done. But Swansea is likely to become more and more important as a port. It is the natural outlet for the huge steel producing works of the district; she is the foremost anthracite exporting port; and one of the world's greatest oil delivery ports.

Her copper trade diminished as copper smelting near the mines was substituted for the exportation of the crude ore, and the drawbridge that allowed the copper ships to sail from Swansea Bay up the Tawe River is less busy these days—though it still swings to let small ships pass into the river.

COME BACK.

With its existence depending upon the sea, the city has a welcome for the seaman and a large proportion of her own sons earn their livelihood either in ships or at the docks. You do not have to go far to find one or two of those cosy little pubs, where sailors forget their Any of you know "The Arches," at the bottom of Wine-street? Or "The Duke," nearby? Or "The Bush,"—meeting place of seaman and what, in one sense of the word at least, is the fair

do, you will remember them as part of the old city on the Tawe.

It is at "The Arches" that you will sometimes find a famous seaman drinking his pint of beer—Captain "Potato" Jones, the man who ran the blockade, defying the Spanish men-o'-war during the Civil War in Spain.

He's retired from the sea and lives at Sketty, just outside Swansea.

Incidentally, there is a little place near Swansea which is not widely known and has no especial attraction, but has achieved fame, though not under its own name.

This is the village of Cwmgiedd. It was at Cwmgiedd that the filming of "The Silent Village," the film that told the story of the martyred Czechoslovakian village of Lidice, took place.

I find I have omitted to mention three of Swansea's most important features. This is neglectful, indeed, for you will find them the talk of the place whether you eavesdrop in cafe, pub or parlour. Even if you are a stranger in the city you will find yourself drawn into the discussion of them, and by the time you leave you will have almost as good a knowledge of them as the local lads.

They are, of course, Swansea Rugby, Swansea Cricket, and Swansea Boxing. And let no one take them lightly; for they are serious things.

Swansea is a good place to come into from the sea. It makes all seamen welcome. But should you be a Cardiff man, it is just as well not to stress the fact.

There's many a slip

OMISSION of a single comma in an official document once cost a Government £200,000. Both tragedy and comedy may result from imperfect penmanship.

Napoleon, who once proclaimed that certain people should never write, as pen and ink were sure to betray them, was himself scuttled by his own poor penmanship; his illegible scrawl helped to lose him Waterloo.

When he wrote to Grouchy, "La bataille engagée" (the fight is on), Grouchy was relieved and delighted.

He had read it as "bataille gagnée" (battle won). Therefore, seeing no cause for hurry, he arrived too late to help.

There are on record only a few such cases where erratic punctuation or misplaced letters in manuscripts led to really serious consequences. But the men who set the miles of printers' type in newspapers read by millions constantly fall into similar traps.

These errors, if not always serious, often cause sleepless nights to owners and editors. Certain words are a standing peril to typesetters.

Reporting a collision between a train and a cow which somehow had strayed on to the line, a newspaper climaxed the story: "... and the driver, having just put on steam, dashed straight into the animal, and literally cut her in halves."

Local and area newspapers have particularly to watch their step; the subjects of personality items, ignorant of newspaper difficulties and problems, are apt to resent printers' errors. Thus a very unfortunate impression resulted from a weekly newspaper's report of a wedding which sported a double quartette of bridesmaids.

It read: "The bride was accompanied to the altar by eight bridesmaids."

But people were merely amused by the Birmingham paper which announced in its "Wanted" columns: "Wanted, a medium-sized wench."

Attempts to render a mistake, already made, a little less mischievous, do not always have happy results. A famous journalist, writing the obituary notice of a most respectable lady, closed with the statement: "Above all women of this town, she was distinguished for her charity." Back came the proof from the Press room, "distinguished for her chastity."

But instead of making the full correction, a proof reader merely put a query mark in the margin of the proof, leaving rectification to the good sense of the men in the Press room.

The outcome of his action was that the obituary paragraph finally appeared as:—

"Mrs. —, above all ladies of the town, was distinguished for her chastity (?)"

A distinguished music critic, reporting a concert by a well-known symphony orchestra, wrote: "During the performance of this number the drummer sat, like Buddha, regarding his navel."

Appearing in the first editions, this passage was ordered to be changed by chiselling out the offending passage.

WINE

DRINK wine and have the gout; drink none and have it, too.

Wine hath drowned more men than the sea.

Better belly bust than good beer lost.

Play, women and wine undo men laughing.

They that drink longest live longest.

Of all the meat in the world, drink goes down the best.

Often drunk and seldom sober, falls like the leaves in October.

Of wine the middle, of oil the top, and of honey the bottom, is best.

The counsels given in wine, will do no good to thee or thine.

Eat an' drink measurely, an' defy medicine.

Holiday Notes for L.S. Jack Bullen

WALKING down Southwood Avenue, Fleetwood, L.S. Jack Bullen, we came across No. 17, and called in to see your wife, Catherine, and your five-year-old daughter, Kathleen. They had only been back in the house about an hour when we arrived, after spending the week-end down at Granny Hunt's.

Kathleen was very thrilled to know that we had come from her Daddy's newspaper, and wanted us to tell you how she likes school and all the friends she has made since she has been there.

The whole family are going to the bungalow in Mumbles in July, and they wish you could be there with them, too.

And, talking of holidaying, Catherine and Kathleen are both going to the Isle of Man



for another week later on in August. They particularly wanted you to know this owing to the fact that they have always said so much against it in previous years.

Your Mum and Dad have written to 6 Birham Green, and their letters have found them all very well and happy. They want Cath and Kath to

go down to see them some time this year.

Tommy Bullen is in the best of health and is patiently awaiting a letter from you.

Your wife and daughter send all their love, and are longing to see you home soon. "I'll send you some more cards, Daddy," says Kathleen. "Love and kisses."

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

GOOD MORNING

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Adventures of Hajji Baba

MY father, Kerbelai Hassan, and Turkey; and I had an art in his devotions, and never failed was one of the most celebrated barbers of Ispahan. He was the joints to crack, and my slaps married, when only seventeen years of age, to the daughter of a chandler, who lived in the neighbourhood of his shop, but the connection was not fortunate.

His dexterity in the use of the razor had gained for him, together with no little renown, such great custom, particularly among the merchants, that after twenty years' industry, he found he could afford to add a second wife to his harem; and succeeded in obtaining the daughter of a rich money-changer, whose head he had shaved, during that period, with so much success, that he made no difficulty in granting his daughter to my father.

In order to get rid, for a while, of the importunities and jealousy of his first wife, and also to acquire the good opinion of his father-in-law (who, although noted for clipping money, and passing it for lawful, affected to be a saint), he undertook a pilgrimage to the tomb of Hosein, at Kerbelah.

He took his new wife with him, and she was delivered of me on the road. By the time I was sixteen it would be difficult to say whether I was most accomplished as a barber or a scholar. No one understood better than I the different modes of rubbing or shampooing, as practised in India, Cashmere, was a good Mussulman, very strict and

and never failed to pull off his stockings, even in the coldest morning, to wash his feet, in order that his ablutions might be perfect; and, withal, he was a great hater of the sect of Ali, a feeling he strictly kept to himself, as long as he was in Persia.

One of them, a Bagdad merchant, took great fancy to me, and always insisted that I should attend upon him, in preference even to my more experienced father.

He was then in want of some one to keep his accounts, and as I associated the two qualifications of barber and scribe, he made me such advantageous offers, to enter into his service, that I agreed to follow him; and immediately mentioned my determination to my father.

Osman Aga, my master, was on a journey to Meshed, the object of which was to purchase the lamb-skins of Bokhara, which he afterwards purposed to convey to Constantinople for sale. Imagine a short squat man, with a large head, prominent spongy nose, which were laden with merchandise, and you disce for the north of Persia, and He escorted by about one hundred and fifty men, composed of mer-

chants, their servants, and the conductors of the caravan. Beside these, a small body of grims bound to the tomb of Imam Reza at Meshed joined the caravan, and gave a character of sanctity to the procession. We proceeded without impediment to Tehran, where we sojourned ten days to rest our

In case you don't know. HajjiBaba was a rascally son of an Ispahan barber, native of Persia, where the Arabian Nights came from. At least so said James Morier, who created him; and Morier was in the British Embassy to Persia in 1807, so he knew. Anyway, here is Hajji's first adventure with all the glamour of the East in it.

were a desperate enemy, yet we managed to console ourselves by the hope that nothing could withstand our numbers and appearance, and by repeatedly exclaiming, 'In the name of God, whose dogs are they, that they should think of attacking us?' instantly changed.

Every one vaunted his own courage. My master above the rest, with his teeth actually chattering from apprehension, boasted of what he would do, in case we were attacked; 'Oh Allah!—Oh Imams!—Oh and, to hear his language, one would suppose that he had done nothing all his life but fight and slaughter Turcomans. At length, what we so much apprehended actually came to pass. We heard some shots fired, and then our ears were struck by wild and barbarous shoutings. The whole of us stopped in dis-

Some ran away; others, and all their energies, yielded to tense fear, and began to exclaim, 'Mohamed the prophet; we are dying! we are dying! we are dying!' The muleteers unloosed their loads from their beasts, and drove them away. A shower of arrows, which the enemy discharged as they came and achieved their conquest, and we soon became their prey. (Continued on Page 3)

By James Morier

QUIZ for today

1. Which is heavier, a hundredweight or a kilogram?
2. What anniversary is your "crystal" wedding?
3. What is the proper name for "white vitriol"?
4. In what country did the peach originate?

5. Of what commodity could you buy a "fother"?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Bologna, Florence, Venice, Valencia, Verona.

Answers to Quiz in No. 703

1. Quart.
2. Fifth.
3. Lead acetate.
4. Egypt.
5. Hides.
6. Valentine is a boy's name; others are girls'.

LONDON BRIDGE

HUGE crowds watched the Lord Mayor of London lay the first stone of the new London Bridge in 1825.

"The buildings, public and private, that at all overlooked the scene, were literally roofed and walled with human figures clinging to them in all sorts of possible and improbable attitudes," says an eye-witness.

"Southwark Bridge was clustered over like a beehive, and the river from thence to London Bridge presented the appearance of an immense dock covered with vessels of various descriptions; or perhaps it resembled more closely a vast country fair, so completely was the water concealed by multitudes of boats and barges, and the latter again hidden by thousands of spectators and canvas awnings, which with the gay company within made them like booths or tents."

In spite of its fine send-off, the bridge did not last long. It had to be re-built in 1831—and this bridge still spans the Thames to-day.

The first London Bridge was built between 993 and 1016. That was a wooden bridge.

The first stone bridge, begun in 1176 and completed in 1209, was badly damaged by a fire, in which three thousand people perished, in 1212.

On St. George's Day, 1395, the then London Bridge was the scene of a tournament. This was the famous old bridge seen in old prints.

It had a drawbridge for the passage of ships; houses were built on it—mostly inhabited, for some unknown reason, by pin- and needle-makers.

It bore a chapel and a tower on which the heads of executed political prisoners were often placed.

The people of London seem to have got used to this gruesome display. They certainly seem to have had plenty of opportunity, for a German traveller in 1598 counted over thirty poles on the Bridge with heads fixed to them.

The head of Sir Thomas More, displayed in this fashion was blown off a pole into the water and found by a waterman.

It is a comment on the lack of squeamishness among the women of that age that a woman gladly accepted it and kept it as a souvenir.

D. N. K. B.

Heard This Before?

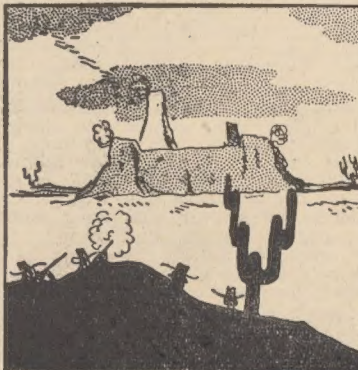
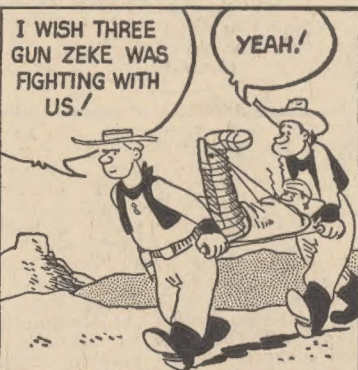
The case before the Bench was a wife's application for a separation order.

"Oh, sir," she pleaded, "he broke every dish in the house over my head, and treated me cruelly."

"Did he apologise or express regret for his actions at the time?" asked the judge.

"No, sir, the ambulance took him away before he could speak to me."

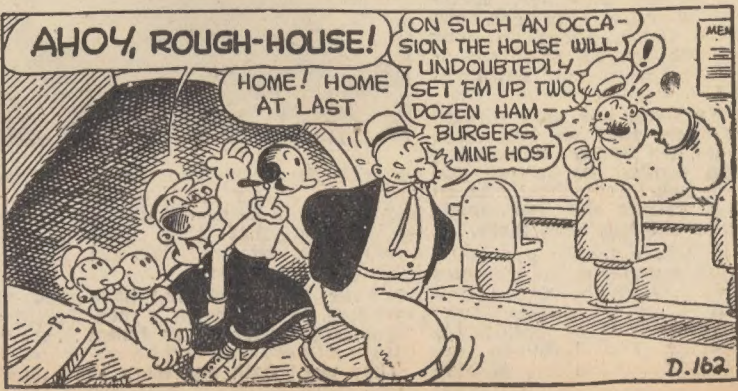
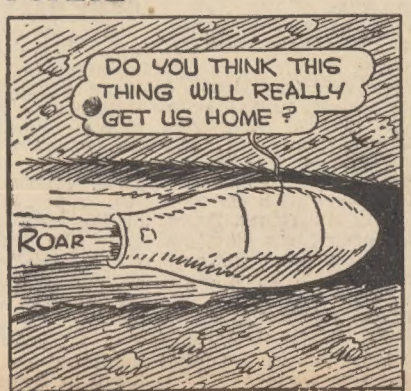
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 644

1. Behead a bundle and get a drink.
2. Insert the same letter ten times and make sense of: Mayaucersayolsteersitheevigs.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: HAND into FOOT, and HEAT into COLD.
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He put a penny in the — of the broken ticket-machine and — it.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 643

1. B-e-l-l.
2. Many Members of Parliament merely mumble.
3. GRAY, gram, grim, glim, glum, glue, BLUE; PLAN, fian,

JANE

The Adventures of Hajji Baba

(Continued from Page 2)
My master had rolled himself up between two bales of goods to wait the event, but was discovered by a Turcoman of great size, and of a most ferocious aspect, who, taking him at first for part of the baggage, turned him over on his back, when (as we see a wood-louse do) he opened out at full length, and expressed all his fears by the most abject entreaties. He tried to soften the Turcoman by invoking Omar, and cursing Ali; but nothing would do; the barbarian was inexorable: he only left him in possession of his turban, out of consideration to its colour, but in other respects he completely stripped him, leaving him nothing but his drawers and shirt, and clothing himself with

my master's comfortable cloak and trousers before his face.
My clothes being scarcely worth the taking, I was permitted to enjoy them unmolested, and I retained possession of my case of razors, to my no small satisfaction.
The Turcomans having completed their plunder, made a distribution of the prisoners. We were blindfolded, and placed each of us behind a horseman, and found ourselves on roads known only to the Turcomans.
Passing through wild and unfrequented tracts of mountainous country, we at length discovered a large plain, which was so extensive that it seemed the limits of the world, and was covered with the black tents and the numerous flocks and herds of our enemies.

At our appearance the whole encampment turned out to look at us, and whilst our conqueror was greeted with loud welcomes, we were barked at and nearly devoured by a pack of large sheep dogs, who had soon selected us as strangers.
My master's green shawl had

hitherto procured him some degree of respect; but the chief wife, or the Banou, as she was called, was seized, at first sight, with a strong desire to possess it; so he was left with no other covering to his head than his padded caouk, or tiara, which contained his money.
That too was longed for by another wife, who said that it would just do to stuff the pack-saddle which had galled her camel's back, and it was taken from his head and thrown, among other lumber, into a corner of the tent.
He did all he could to keep possession of this last remnant of his fortune, but to no purpose; in lieu of it he received an old sheepskin cap.
My master having been installed in the possession of a dead man's situation, which was that of tending the camels, when they were

and, as he was fat and unwieldy, there was no apprehension of his running away.
However, we were soon to be parted. He was sent off the next day to the mountains, in charge of a string of fifty camels, with terrible threats from the chief that his nose and ears should pay for the loss of any of them, and that if one died, its price should be added to the ransom money which he hereafter expected to receive for him.

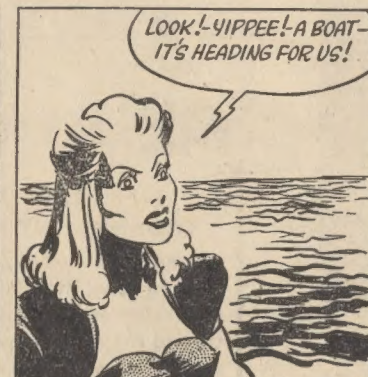
(More to-morrow)

Solution to Puzzle in No. 703.

1. c u F f s
2. m o O d y
3. p a R r y
4. w o M a n
5. t r O t h
6. l i S p s
7. t h A n k



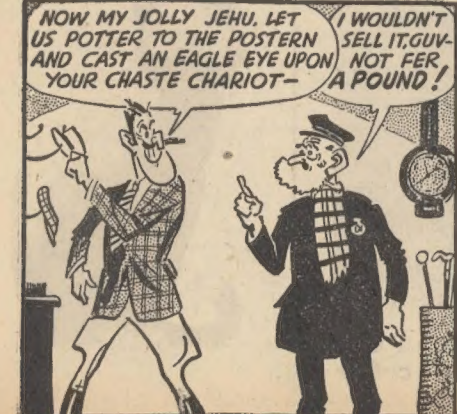
RUGGLES



GARTH



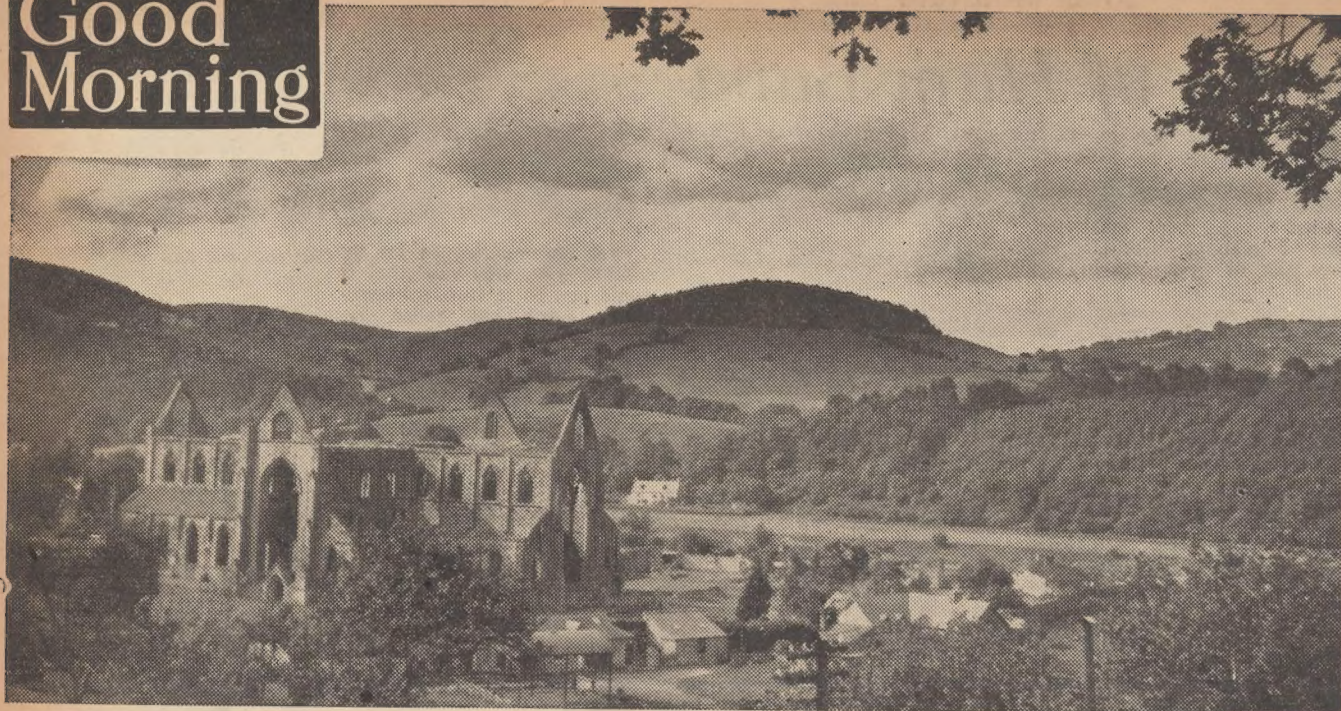
JUST JAKE



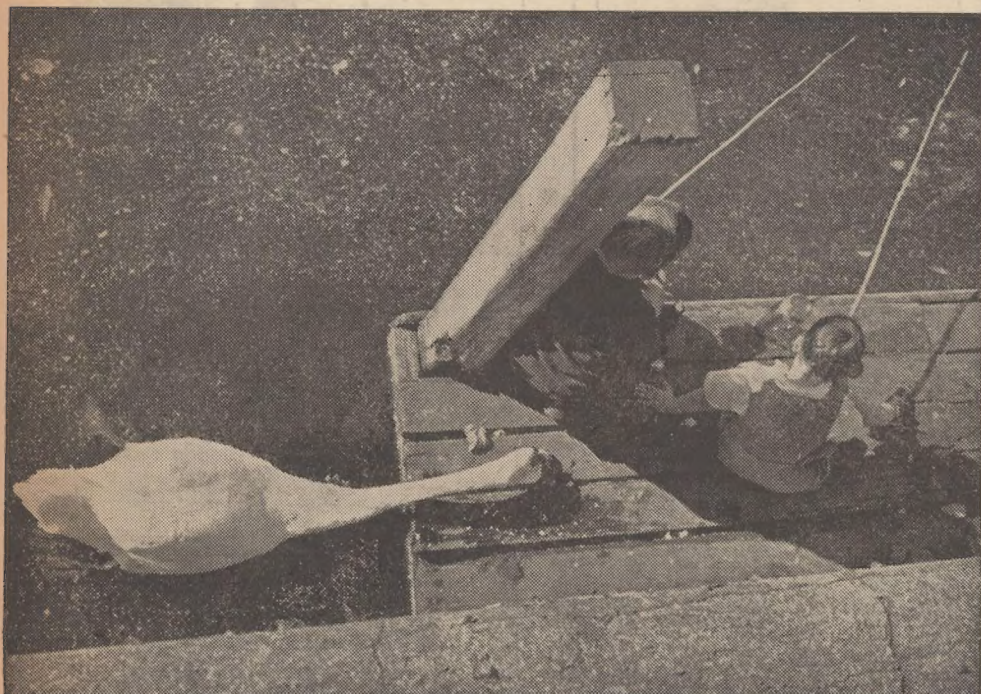
CLUES ACROSS.—1 Business rooms, 8 Apron-top, 9 Loosen earth, 10 And so on, 12 Behave, 13 Shoemaker's tool, 14 South American port, 15 Fur, 17 Girl's name, 19 Swains, 21 Boy or girl, 23 Dissolve, 25 Porch, 28 Drink, 30 Excuse, 31 Climber, 33 Quiet, 35 Girl's name, 37 Otherwise, 38 Presence, 39 Sideboard.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Scottish port, 2 Stupid, 3 Dull yellow, 4 Farm animal, 5 Answering call, 6 Read, 7 Move, 8 Bowl, 11 Seaboard, 16 Not valid, 18 Land forces, 20 Wind instrument, 22 Projecting window, 24 Diving birds, 26 Fat, 27 Sailing ships, 28 Bridge, 29 Met, 31 Successor, 32 Marquis, 34 Vehicle, 36 Shrub.

Good Morning



THIS ANCIENT ISLE. Nearly 700 years ago a lovely abbey was built on the banks of the River Wye. To-day, the ruined walls of Tintern Abbey still stand—and the River Wye flows unchanged through that lovely, lonely valley.



WHAT A NECK !

Cyril, the bait-lifter, is up to his little games again ! This snooping swan swims around the stream at Staines sneaking bait. It's taking the bread 'bout of the fishes' mouths, if you ask us.



THIS BEARS LOOKING INTO.

Minko, the monk, in Boston Zoo, stands up and takes notice which should make youse guys at least sit up and take notice.



A fine thing when even the bramble bushes make a pass at a wee lassie in her kiltie ! Seems to us that Universal's Dawn Kennedy, will be appearing in public with scratches.



FOUL STROKE, SAILOR.

This scene was snapped in the Y.M.C.A. at North Shields. Seems some low-life submariner had swiped the rest, so Shorty clammers on the cloth to make his cannon.



CHINESE COFFEE STALL—that's what the cameraman who took this picture called it, so help us ! Well, if that's his (and their) idea of a coffee stall, we're going elsewhere for our cupper, and a hunk !

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"That's one way to get hooked up, lady."

